



THE
L A D S
OF THE
V I L L A G E

Sold at 15 Long-Lane, West Smithfield.

I SING of a young damsel, just turned of
fifteen,
Who never this world, nor its dangers had
seen,
Yet was so wise as to know
If asked for a favor she should not bestow,
Her answer was always, Heigh O!

The lads of the village was struck with
her charms,
Each wish'd her a thousand times claspt in
her arms.
Yet none of them dare tell her so,
Tho' she no longer when courted would show
Yet her answer was always Heigh O!

This damsel by chance, once carelessly
stray'd,
Where Roger was busy with pick-axe and
spade,
She did not see him you know,
Down on the green grass her limbs she did
throw,
And often sigh'd without knowing Heigh O!

When that she slept, he with her beauties
made free,
And as the duluder those beauties did see,
No wonder his bosom did glow,
Such a case as this, he's a fool to let go,
A young damsel that answers Heigh O!

At last she awoke, too late to prevent,
What then she perceived was his wicked
intent,
Or yet her surprise do you know,
But willing at last some resistance to show,
She cry'd in a passion, Heigh O! Heigh O.

